

POETRY.

Here is a specimen of party humbug and fastian.
THE DEMOCRATIC RALLYING CRY.
Rouse up, ye noble Democrats! your slumbers cast aside,
'Tis Freedom's native rallying cry that echoes far and wide!
The spirits of your Fathers now are riding on the blast,
And call their children to behold the glories of the past.
They bring to view the thrilling scenes of high heroic fame,
When Washington and Lafayette stood forth in Freedom's name,
When the sturdy northern yeomanry pressed forward in the van,
And bled with southern chivalry for the equal rights of man.

No sordid meanness then repressed the patriot's sacred flame!
No thirst for conquest tarnished then the lustre of our name!
Our fathers' blood for liberty and right, flowed thick and fast,
And the heritages they left to us, is the glory of the past.

Brave Warren fell on Bunker's height; he died for Freedom's cause;

The Sumters and the Marions, they won all the earth's applause;

The north and south went hand in hand when the battle first began,

In the cause of truth and liberty, and the equal rights of man.

Great Washington, thy brilliant name is linked for evermore,

With the glory of thy country which she won in days of yore,

When a Southern Chieftain led us all, and to the sky was cast,

The flag that flies our bosoms now, with the glory of the past.

Virginia's gallant cavaliers sent forth the shout on high,

Old Massachusetts echoed back the noble rallying cry; From Santee's wave and Hudson's stream, the joyful chorus ran,

That was sung our country's alter round for the equal rights of man.

Rouse up, ye noble Democrats! a plot is brewing now! To tear away the laurel wreath that decks the patriot's brow,

In North and South, fanatics vile, the seeds of discord cast,

With daring hand, to rob us of the glory of the past.

With cunning mask and artful cry, they hope their cause to gain,

And call on Southern chivalry, their measure to sustain;

With virtue's phrase upon their lips, they've laid a horrid plan,

Our sacred Union to destroy, and the equal rights of man.

They happy home, fair Liberty, the pride of all the earth,

The chosen land of Heaven, where first fair Freedom had her birth,

Must now be rent with faction vile, or madly burst in twain,

To feed the Speculator's maw, and heap the cozenor's gain.

Rouse up, ye noble Democrats! as erect as your grand-sires stood,

'Gainst those who wring the poor man's sweat, and split the brave man's blood;

Rouse up and grasp with stelwart hand, the falchion and the shield,

And swear, like them, our country's cause you'll ne'er consent to yield.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY LEVER.

Again for the down-trodden slave let us try, And shoulder to shoulder the old lever play; Though Slavery weighs down like a mountain of stone, We'll never give up till the monster's o'erthrown.

This curse of our country is felt far and wide;

From Texas and Maine it has crimsoned the tides;

The wide-spreading limb and the shameless heart's core

Have one blighting name—'t is the blood-guilty shore.

Your efforts to rescue your country from shame,

And give her for justice and virtue a name,

Are treated with scorn by a slaveholding crew, Who sell their own children, and sin would sell you.

When Britain was deaf to her colonies' plea,

We threw down the gauntlet, resolved to be free;

Then let the slaveholder in prudence beware,— The voice of freedom off follows a prayer.

The wailing of Israel was treated with scorn,

Till Egypt was smitten in all her first-born:

Since God cannot alter, his ways being true,

My country, my country, I tremble for you.

The blood of a traitor must flow in his veins,

Who comes not to rescue a brother in chains;

The wail of the slave, ere it curses our shores,

Should arouse every heart to contend in his cause.

Then arise in your strength! Must a freeman be told To frown on the traitor who Freedom have sold?

Who make your fair country a hissing and scorn,

And bow down the head that's American born?

The lever we ply was received from above—

'T is justice, supported by faith, hope and love;

Then let us take hold, heart and hand, on all and all,

And Slavery may meet its death-wound in this hall.

All hands to the lever! hold on for the right!

Our foes against justice and liberty fight:

Heave! heave! till the last chain of slavery breaks;

Heave! heave! till the last chain of slavery breaks!

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. H. W. RICHTER.

* His dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the flood unto the world end.—PSALM liii. 8.

Word of truth to cheer

The waiting pilgrim's ear;

A light to trusting faith forever given;

Stretching from sea to sea

That kingdom yet shall be,

Tinging the clouds of earth with rays from heaven.

Lo! to each distant shore,

With darkness brooding o'er,

Where dark oblivion spreads a murky pall,

O'erminating Time holds sway,

And slowly to decay

The heathen temples each to ruin fall!

Tribes of the desert far,

Behold the Morning Star

With beams of ever-living truth shall shine;

And every mountain dell

The chorus glad shall swell,

And spread the tidings of that peace divine.

For he shall ever reign,

And death and sin shall cease.

Shall cease: his promise ever sure will be.

Hasten, O Lord, the hour

When all shall own thy power,

And humbly waiting souls may thy salvation see.

THE LIBERATOR.

Robert Owen -- Universal Reform.

The following letter is from a highly intelligent and respectable English gentleman, with whom I was favored with a slight acquaintance during a tour which he made through this country, about two years since. It was written in great haste, and intended only for my own private perusal; but as it contains some criticisms which I am rather desirous should meet the public eye, I venture to publish it, leaving the name of the writer a matter of sacred privacy.

Since the letter was received, Robert OWEN, the father of 'Socialism,' has arrived in this country, and intends spending the ensuing winter with his son, Robert Dale OWEN, M. C., in Indiana. During my last visit to England, I had two interviews with Mr. Owen, which satisfied me that he was a kind-hearted, benevolent, philanthropic man, earnestly desirous of doing good to his race, and much nearer the kingdom of heaven, in spirit and purpose, than those scribes and pharisees who were raising such a tremendous hue-and-cry against him on the charge of atheism; but I was not less satisfied that his moral philosophy is utterly defective—that his 'doctrine of circumspection' is absurd and mischievous—and that he is, comparatively at least, as one beating the air. I frankly told him wherein I differed from him, and could not help admiring the excellent spirit which he displayed at any and every attack on his doctrine and plans for the redemption of the human race. I trust he will everywhere meet with a kind reception in this country, and be heard with candor, and in the spirit of manly freedom. None but religious hypocrites or formalists will persecute him, or shrink with holy horror from his presence; but they who are for proving all things, and holding fast that which is good, will welcome him to an open arena, not doubting the omnipotence and immortality of Truth, and therefore afraid of nothing where she is left without a fighter.

In reply to the allegation contained in the third paragraph of the following letter, commencing, 'You have not yet given up anger, wrath, revilings, calling hard names,' &c. I beg leave to say, first, I am not conscious that I cherish any such spirit; secondly, if his allegation were true, he ought not, according to his own philosophical dogma, that men are not responsible for their acts, and therefore are not deserving of praise or blame, to urge it as a crime; and, thirdly, that he uses as severe and sweeping charges as any of whom he complains. In proof of this, I quote from the first number of a series of letters which he is now publishing in an English periodical, entitled

'Notes of Travel in the United States'—numbered August 21, 1844, one day later than his letter to me. He begins by confessing that, 'as compared with ill-paid, hard-worked, ignorant, degraded, pauperized, miserable working population of England, Scotland, and Ireland,' he 'did expect to find the condition of the slaves tolerably good, and that the descriptions given of American slavery by the friends to the abolition of slavery, were greatly exaggerated.' 'But,' he adds, 'having been in America, and seen and heard for myself, and having conversed with slaves, with free blacks, with native Americans—both merchants, tradesmen, and laborers in the free States, and with slave-owners and slave-dealers in slave States, I am compelled, in justice to my own opinions and feelings, carefully formed, after repeated dispassionate consideration, to denounce United States negro slavery as the most abominable, hard-hearted, cruel, unjust, inhuman, immoral, tyrannical, and wicked system that the heart of bloody tyrant could invent, or devil practice,—as the concentration of all that is base, mean, sordid, and detestable in the vilest of our race, rendering it a hundred times more odious by the canting hypocrisy of priests of all denominations, who are the most strenuous apologists and upholders of this hellish system.' There—that is pretty well as an example to be imitated—and I have no fault to find with it. But is it consistent language for my English friend to use?

LIVERPOOL, August 20, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

I send you by the messenger a parcel of English papers, that you might see how the movement gets on in England. The Nation will give you an idea of Irish feeling and Irish proceedings on the question of Repeal, and the instruction of that people; the Northern Star will give you an idea of the working classes of England, and the struggle of our black slaves, the colliers in the North; the League will tell you what our Free Trade party is doing, and what they intend to do; and the Journal and the Albion will give you English Whig sentiments;—but what I wish to draw your attention to more particularly, is the New Moral World, which announces that Mr. Robert Owen has taken leave of his friends in this country, and is now on his way, and in a few days after you receive this letter and parcel, you may expect him to land once more on the shores of America, on his benevolent mission from on high for the salvation of a lost and benighted world. His intention is to gather together, if possible, into one fold, all who are now struggling in your country for the interest and happiness of the human race. Mr. Owen comes to preach the perfect equality of man, to be brought about by equality of education and equality of condition; and these to be effected by the establishment of communities of united interests, united capital, united labor, with equality of rights, and equality of the means of enjoyment for the whole human race. Yours is a noble work, the emancipation of the American slave; but let me assure you, even the most ardent of your Non-Resistants are not other than a moral ones, an opposition of truthful testimony and honest disfellowship. As President of the Non-Resistant Society, I distinctly and solemnly claim that it is opposed to civil government—claiming the right to slay and exterminate all who resist its authority—to which they are opposed. And even to such governments, their opposition is no other than a moral one, an opposition of truthful testimony and honest disfellowship. As President of the Non-Resistant Society, I distinctly and solemnly claim that it is opposed to civil government—claiming the right to slay and exterminate all who resist its authority—to which they are opposed. And even to such governments, their opposition is no other than a moral one, an opposition of truthful testimony and honest disfellowship.

Most Melancholy Suicide and Murder.—It is again in our painful duty, says the Vicksburg Sentinel of the 13th ult., to chronicle one of the most distressing occurrences which has ever happened in this city. On the previous morning, Mrs. Vogel, the wife of a German, living on Main-street, put a period to her own existence, and that of her two children, by hanging.

The distressed husband had left home but one hour and a half, when he returned and found his wife hanging from a beam in the room, one on each side of her. She wrote several letters—one to a neighbor, alleging that the 'green-eyed monster, jealousy, was the sole cause of her rash act.' There was also a letter or piece of paper, containing a short prayer to Almighty God, praying for forgiveness, &c.

Suicide.—Mrs. Begley, an Irish widow lady who has resided in this city for above two years, cut her throat on Sunday evening, with a sharp knife, in such a way as to cause immediate death. A post mortem examination exhibited proof of her shame, her agony, and remorse.—*Vicksburg Constitutionalist.*

Fatal Accident on the Harlem Railroad.—On Monday afternoon, says the N. Y. True Sun, as the train of cars was passing 50th street, the axle of one of the monster cars, recently introduced, broke with a smash, and turned over a precipice 20 feet high. The car was full of passengers at the time, all of whom were severely or lost hurt. A man on board, injured by the fall, was soon after taken up, and led out of the house. This is the statement given in the Albany Whig. It is said, in editorial review, that Mr. Nelson had great skill in his profession, and was a man of great ability.

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